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THE ADVENTURES OF THE "LIVELY" IMMIGRANTS.

—— LEWIS.

[This narrative follows substantially a MS. in the collection of Colonel Guy M. Bryan, who has kindly permitted its publication in THE QUARTERLY. He recites the history of the MS. briefly as follows:

"Some years ago, when I resided in Galveston, Colonel Lowe, of the Galveston News, informed me that he had received a letter from a Mr. Lewis, of Louisiana, making inquiry about some of the earliest settlers of Austin's first colony, and that he wished I would write him. He said he was a man of good character and his family was highly respectable. In this way I became acquainted with Mr. Lewis. When I ascertained from him that he was on the Lively I requested him to write an account of his adventures on the Lively and in Texas, which he did. He requested me to return the original manuscript, which I did, but retained a copy of it."

The whereabouts of the original MS. can not be stated here, but it is believed to be in possession of the relatives of Mr. Lewis.

In preparing the copy for publication much more liberty has been taken with it than if it had been the original. Some changes have been made in the phraseology, and at one or two points where the story is somewhat confused a degree of interpretation has been considered necessary in order to clear it up. On the whole, however, the sense, and even the wording of the copy has been closely followed.

It should be stated that Colonel Bryan says he compared the copy with the original and is sure that it is a faithful reproduction.

The story concerning the Lively that is to be found in works on Texas history, and has been generally believed, is that the vessel was lost at sea.

The facts in the case are at least partially disclosed by Mr. Lewis's account.

The initials of Mr. Lewis do not appear on the copy, nor have I been able to learn them.

The narrative is to be concluded in the next number.—EDITOR QUARTERLY.]

I have here set down a portion of my peregrinations and the incidents of an eventful life, which at one time led me to become one of Col. S. F. Austin's recruits to colonize a portion of Texas, as early as the year 1821. A thoroughly detailed account of my adventure and return to the then United States will be found in the following pages.

I feel it right and incumbent upon me to allude to my parentage and my antecedents in early life. My father was an Irishman of education. He arrived in time to participate in the war of '76, and was contemporary with Boone on his second trip from North Carolina to the wilds of the "Bloody ground" in Kentucky. The termination of the war left him, as it had done with thousands of others, poor and destitute, with quite a large family to support; he therefore opened a school of learning in one of the northwestern counties. It was well patronized, for schools and learning in that quarter had been long neglected. Many grown up boys and girls and young men were nearly beginners in the lower and ordinary branches, such as spelling and reading and writing. My first recollections are at some four or five years old, with Webster's spelling book in my hand, on a bench with some ten or more in a like occupation.

Some time after this my father was induced to move further southwest into Christian county, where he again opened a seminary. It was soon filled to overflowing. I had by this time grown to 10 or 11 years of age and my improvement was far beyond my years. I became quite an assistant to him in his daily labors in taking charge of the less advanced pupils, at the same time advancing myself by continued repetitions of the lessons of each pupil, there generally being twenty or twenty-five that had the same lesson.

Our locality there was known as "The Barrens," a kind of half prairie, but nearly as wild and unsettled as the most parts of Texas from 1824 to 1830. The growth of population in the upper portion of the State and along the Cumberland and tributaries had the

effect of driving the wild beasts and game to this section, where they were less hunted and molested, and of course were plenty. Here a field was opened to me. I soon became expert with the Rifle, having to assist in attending to and collecting, driving, and herding our stock. Deer and turkeys were plenty, with a great deal of smaller game. Our enemies were the panther, the wolf, the black bear and others of the feline and carnivorous tribe. When not at school, I was, with rifle in hand, in the woods. My expertness with the rifle and my extended knowledge of the surrounding country for fifteen or twenty miles, made it an object, when an expedition was on foot to camp out and hunt, to have me and my two well taught dogs along. Here, as well as at school, I was said to be very precocious, and to carry "an old head on young shoulders."

Up to the time that I was seventeen or eighteen years of age, I had not been absent from the Academy longer than a week or so at a time, and my duties were in general the same as at the outset, except that I had advanced further in orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geometry. I mentioned in the beginning of this that many young ladies as well as grown up gentlemen were attending this school for the sake of review. My father was well versed in mathematics and was a superior geometrician, and his knowledge of the science brought a number of young men to get an insight into this particular branch. His manner of teaching was by actual demonstration, with chain, compass, and plotting instruments. After learning from the authors how to proceed, the students would start out to run off a tract of some twenty or more acres, and then return, plat the survey, and give the area. It was here my duty, as it had been five or six years ago with the beginners, to hear and oversee their lessons. I now, for more than three years, generally went out with these beginners in surveying, to give them a proper start and correct any error in running the lines. This continued repetition made me master of the simple science of surveying.

About this time, two gentlemen, land speculators, a Mr. Joshua Cates and Mr. Davis, came to see my father. Their business was to get him to run out a tract of 2300 acres of land which they had bought jointly. They wished it divided between them, as near equally as could be, running a nearly north and south line. My father promptly told them that he could not think of dismissing

his school, that it would take perhaps six or eight days, which would produce much dissatisfaction among his patrons. They then enquired if he knew any one who would or could do it. After a little reflection, he replied that he had a young gentleman with him who had just about got through studying surveying, and that he could do the work if he would. He, a Mr. Cartwright, was sent for, and the proposition made to him. He replied to my father, "I will undertake it, provided you will let your son Willie assist me." It was evident, that they were a little skeptical, and they asked my father if he was willing to guarantee the completion and correctness of the survey. He answered that he was. Mr. Cartwright said there was only one obstacle in the way, i. e., the want of a compass. I then remarked that we had a surplus chain, and that I knew where I could borrow a compass for the work. So it was so settled, with the understanding that they were to be informed through "Uncle Bob Patterson," an old merchant of Hopkinsville, when the survey and maps would be ready. I was to meet Mr. Cartwright at a house near the beginning corner. The gentlemen of the house knew the corner tree. We hired his son and another young man to carry the chain. The surveyor's lines were quite plain, being only two years old.

Mr. Cartwright met me early Monday morning. We made a commencement and ran about half a mile, when a negro boy drove up in a gig, and handed Mr. Cartwright a note, the purport of which was that he was sent for to go home, his mother having been taken very ill. As his road led him no great distance from the Academy, I sent a note to my father, and stated to him I was confident I could run the lines and make out the field notes and should do so as long as I was on the ground. He had previously instructed me to mark out on the lines all ravines, high hills, or mounds, etc., for fear of mistakes. I frequently re-ran and measured over several lines. Thursday I finished in time to return to the Academy, a distance of some seven miles.

That evening and part of Friday, I finished a rough sketch of the survey to ascertain if the lines would properly meet, and my father fixed a starting point on an east line to make the division. On Saturday he went with me, and we marked it out almost north and south, giving each half nearly 1150 acres. We now had to go fifteen miles to our own home.

My father went to work Monday, and in two days we had finished

the two maps. Monday evening he wrote to Mr. Patterson that the survey had been made, and that if they were not sent for before the last of the week, they would be sent to Mr. Patterson's store. Thursday, I went to town and took them with me. I accidentally met Mr. Cates riding out. I halted him and pulled out my maps. They were hardly colored and delineated. He was quite pleased and expressed regret that he was not in town. He asked me what was my charge. I told him I was ordered to make no charge. He then asked me where the young man was that did the work. I told him what had occurred. Then with a little surprise he asked me who helped me. I told him that my father had helped me make the maps, and that I had done all the rest. He then asked me when I would be at home. He said he knew where our residence was, that it was "near the Sulphur spring meeting house." I now took the stage here and went home, it being only half the distance back to the Academy.

I, of course, went rifle in hand to the woods, both Friday and Saturday. Finding the last day a gang of turkeys, I got one and made my way back home. When I reached the yard gate, my little sister came running to me and said I could not guess what had come for me from town. I found in the house a handsome cherry box of some thirty inches long, fourteen or fifteen inches wide, and six or eight deep, with a key tied on one of the handles. Upon examination I found a letter containing a $50 note on the Bank of Kentucky, and a beautiful new Moorehouse surveying compass, with all the necessary appurtenances and instruments for drawing and plotting. I have been thus more specific in detail than might have been necessary in the foregoing episode. The essence of the whole matter lies in the manner, mode and time of my becoming owner of this surveyor's compass and instruments, which were the means of my shipping on the "Lively" and of my adventures in Texas, as the sequel will show.

When I left my Kentucky home, I went in search of a brother living somewhere in the "Notchy Country" as all that country lying south of the Tennessee was at that time called. I engaged as a hand on a flat boat to go to New Orleans with a Captain McDonald and his partner, a Mr. Crumbaugh. I had an old Dutch iron-bound trunk, which was sufficiently capacious for what effects I owned in the way of clothing. I placed my box of instruments also in it. In

due time I found my brother, with whom I lived for three years. Finally I took a place on the steamer "Natchez" as clerk.

When I left the store of my brother I left my Dutch iron-bound trunk containing the instruments in the attic of the store, where they remained undisturbed, except in one instance, during my absence. They were on one occasion lent to a surveyor who was a friend of my brother's, and who offered me nearly double the worth of them. I peremptorily refused. He and my brother asked me why I did not sell them, saying they were of no service to me. I said I could not give any substantial reason, but something told me that they had not fulfilled their mission.

Some time early in 1821, I became clerk of the new steamer "Natchez," Captain Buckner, single engine, as all boats were then built. We were lying at the wharf at Natchez, and had just finished the evening previous discharging her up freight. We had, when I first went on the Natchez a mate, every way a good one, except that he would get drunk at times. He and the Captain came to loggerheads in New Orleans, which caused his dismissal, and I was instructed to hunt up some one to fill his place. I had spent several trips on a fishing excursion across the lake with a Lieutenant Butler and his companions McDonald and "Jimmy." They had served together on the Lakes with Commodore Perry. They were then on some other boat. I became much attached to Lieutenant Butler and it struck me to give him the berth, so I hunted him up and employed him and Jimmy to go on the Natchez.

I had a few weeks previous sent for my box and trunk to be left with Crane & Hudson, then doing a large grocer's business at Bayou Sara. Coming up this trip, I received on board the trunk and box and set them out of the way in the cabin. In the early morning, not being troubled with any passengers on board, I concluded to overhaul my trunk and instruments. I had for the sake of light got near the door and had opened my box and filled a chair or two with the compass and other things connected with it. I was so intent on examining them that I had not observed the near approach of three gentlemen. The door on the opposite side of the entrance to the cabin was closed. One of the gentlemen asked if the Captain was on board. I replied that he had spent the night up in town. He said he wished to go to New Orleans and asked at what time the boat would leave. These inquiries were answered. Then they asked if they could see the clerk. I replied that I filled

that office and opened the door and pointed to the Register. Only two went into the office; the other, the smallest of the three, was left examining my compass and instruments. I returned immediately to replace them, when he eyed me from feet to head and asked me if they were mine, and if I used them. I told him, in answer to the first enquiry, they were, and that I had no use for them on the steamer. He smiled one of his gracious smiles and said he meant to ask if I understood their use. I replied that I had acquired that information. I could not keep from showing my pride, and told him that I had won them five years ago for my expertness in the science of surveying.

One of the three, for they all had entered the cabin, said something about going up to town. I replied that our breakfast would be ready in a few minutes, after which they could go up in one of the conveyances that plied up and down for the benefit of passengers. After breakfast I went into the office to see the names of my passengers and where they were from. The latter I did not learn, as I saw only that they had crossed from what is now Vidalia. The three sauntered about over the boat and eventually located themselves on the south side of the office, as much to be in the sun as to be shielded from a cold north wind, for it was now the last of September, or the first of October. On the side where they were, my window sash was up, but the slatted blinds were closed. I was busily engaged about my freight and papers and was attracted by a remark from one of them, perhaps in a little more distinct and louder tone than the rest of the conversation. I heard him say "He is a fine scribe," when a second said, "He has the confidence of the captain to be left here in charge of the boat and perhaps all other times." Here *I was ears and mouth open* to divine what was on the tapis, so far as I was concerned. "Well," one now spoke whom I had not noticed as speaking before, "I should like the best of all my immigrants to have him go with me." He went on to say to one of them, "Can't you pump him and learn his feelings on the subject?"

It was now getting toward 12 o'clock, and the three had gone ashore, and at the same time an omnibus came down and the three along with others went up town. A little time previous, however, one of the three came into the office. He was the "proxy," a long, tall "I guess and avow, etc.," a Yankee of the simon-pure school. I was at once disgusted. He took a seat on an empty stool and began twisting and wriggling about, and said at length, "You have

heard about the grant of land in Texas?" "Some little," I said. "I am not the least interested in the matter. Let me ask you if one of the other two is the man that has the claim." "The small gentleman," he answered, "is Col. S. F. Austin." "You are Mr. Little?" "Yes, sir." He was on the eve of propounding another question, when I interposed and said to him, "I am at present very busy, but at his convenience should be pleased to talk a little to Colonel Austin." With that I turned to my papers, and he withdrew.

A short time after this they went up to town, and in a few minutes the Captain and three or four "young bloods" came in. They went directly to the after, or ladies' cabin. In a little while the Captain inquired for the bar keeper. I said he had gone to replenish his bar, but that I had the key. The Captain wanted cards and checks, I suppose for bragg, or euchre, or some other short card game. While I was in the bar the Captain had turned to the Register, and immediately bawled out at the top of his voice, "Whoop! hurra! hello there, come here boys, come quick!" They asked what it was. "Look," said he, pointing to the name, "We have as passenger to the city the Emperor of Texas." Turning to me he asked what kind of a looking man he was. I said that he was one of the most retiring, quiet gentlemen one would meet in a month, a small, quite handsome gentleman.

The following morning, immediately after breakfast, I was standing in the office door as they came from the table, and through the cabin door I caught Colonel Austin's eye. He advanced direct to me. I gave back a little and he walked in. I closed the door and pointed him to a seat. He first remarked that Mr. Little had informed him of my wish to converse with him. I assented to his remark by a nod. "Your object is in relation to my colony?" was his inquiry. "It is," I said. "I shall be pleased," said he, "to render you any information I can on the subject." I thanked him, and continued, "I have an apology to offer for a breach as an eavesdropper. I was here in my office at work, while you three were out there. You had been some time in conversation, of the subject of which I knew nothing, when an allusion was made, as I thought to myself. The conversation ended, as I thought, with a wish that I would join you." He gave me another of those pleasant approving smiles, that were so natural for him, and said the fault was theirs and not mine. "May I ask," he inquired, "what conclusion you have come to?" I told him that to the time of hearing the

conversation through the window, I had no thought of going. I remarked that I had no trade except my pen, and the knowledge of figures, and that an unsettled and almost uncivilized country offered but little opportunity to make a living to one in my condition. He was sitting near my desk, on which lay open my freight book. He got up and asked me if that was my writing. I nodded my assent, and he again took his seat and remarked that he stood in need of my services in his anticipated office, that he would have a great deal to do with pen, ink, figures, and paper. "If you are willing to trust me," said he, "you can depend on my liberality. I have seen enough today to trust you to do what you promise. I shall exact nothing that will ever make you regret the step you may take in going with me. You may expect to occupy a place as one of my family." I then enquired his program. He said, I am on my way to the city to procure a small vessel with an outfit to transport some twenty or twenty-five passengers, together with utensils and provisions and to make a second and if necessary a third and fourth trip for the Colonists. I remarked that I would give him an answer tomorrow, or at least before we should reach the city. I should have to make some arrangements if I went, that I was doubtful if I could consummate. I told him that, outside of them, I thought I had made up my mind to go with him.

The following day in the evening, I found him on the forecastle of the boat. He asked me if I had thought of his proposition. I replied I had, but the difficulty alluded to yesterday was still an impediment. "Well," said he, "perhaps I may help to remove it." I told him plainly, that I, like almost all young clerks, generally lived up to my pay, that I was then in no condition to purchase an outfit. "What kind of outfit," asked he, "do you allude to?" I answered, "a suit or two of such material as would suit the occasion." "And what else?" said he, "or how much cash will be sufficient?" I reflected a moment or two and replied that outside of a good rifle and fixtures with what I had, I could get along with $40 or $50. He asked if this was the impediment. I told him it was a big one to me just then. He said that all that should be arranged. Then he continued, "You speak of a good rifle; are you a good shot? One would not take you for a marksman." I replied that I was a Kentuckian, and was almost born with a rifle in hand. He then requested that I should hunt him up in the city and further complete our understanding. I replied that I might be a day

or two detained on the boat to turn over my papers, money, and accounts. He remarked that his time was limited, that as soon as a suitable vessel could be got he should make the trip by way of Natchitoches to join a party of some forty or fifty on their way out to Texas, and that he hoped to meet the vessel when she should arrive.

I did not succeed at as early a day as I had contemplated in getting things straightened out on the Natchez, but the second evening after we got to New Orleans, seeing the announcement in the papers of their arrival at Kelso & Richardson's Hotel, I went to see them and told them I would join them in the next twenty-four or thirty-six hours. Colonel Austin brought out a rifle, Western made, and said to be steel-barreled. It was made for one of the Messrs. Hawkins, who had gone to Natchitoches to pilot some of the immigrants to that place. I was asked if the rifle would fill the bill, though the molds, wipers, etc., were missing. I answered that I was gratified at so handsome a present, and added that I would have no difficulty in supplying the missing implements for the rifle. They said that they would start in a day or two to hunt out a suitable craft for the expedition. I then said that I had almost at my command a clever gentleman, a thoroughly educated seaman, whom I thought might be induced to go with them and assist in the selection and who perhaps might be induced to make the trip to Texas. I told them he was with Decatur and Perry on the Lakes in 1812. I was requested to use my endeavors to bring him with me, to see them.

Now I took that night with me to the Natchez my fine gift. My next trip was to see Captain Butler, mate of the Natchez, and acquaint him with my resolution of going to assist in forming a colony in Texas. He said he had heard a good deal about this thing since the boat had got in. I said to him that I wished him to go if I went, and "Jimmy" also; that Colonel Austin and the men with him were going in a day or two to hunt out a vessel and that I had recommended him as a suitable person to assist them; and, further, that I thought a door was opened to him to be first or second in command if it should be agreeable to him. "I will," said he, "go in the evening if you can spare time and see this Colonel Austin." I was waiting on the consignees of the boat to report on my balance sheet and urged the captain of the boat to call and see if all was right. He replied that they had been to the boat and left

word for me to call and see them. Messrs. Wilkins & Linton, the consignees, were satisfied that my "turn over" was right, and they did not want me to quit. They offered to advance my wages to $100 per month, and said they had sent a note to Kelso & Richardson to that effect. I said that my engagement was such that I could not violate it to go back on the boat.

My account gave me a small balance of some $18 or $20. Captain Buckner made the amount $50. The next thing I did was to hunt up a Mr. Peter Nichols. This man was a "nonesuch," as we call them. He was a mechanical genius, a "jack of all trades," but claimed to be a gun and lock smith. He had been with Lewis and Clark up the Missouri and its tributaries as gun-smith to the expedition. This man had been sick at my store with fever. My attention and kindness had laid him under a small obligation, which he often expressed. I found him at Brown & Lee's Publishing House on Common St., in a large old frame building. I informed him of my intended trip and asked him if he would oversee making me the necessary outfit for twelve months' travel in the Texas country and what would be the probable cost. He said that one thing, and perhaps the most costly and essential, was a good rifle. I replied that I had that as a present and wished him to inspect and pass judgment on it. I told him it was with my "traps" on the Natchez. He told me to bring it with me, and he would figure out the probable cost of the balance. I said to him that I wished the outfit made as though for himself. In the evening I took my rifle, Butler going along with me, by Mr. Nichols' room. He took the gun and examined it externally and said it had been made by a workman. He could not say anything more about it until he took it to pieces. As to the other things, it might take $30 or perhaps $40 to buy them. I handed him $50.

We, Captain Butler and I, went to see Colonel Austin and the party. He, Butler, was employed to assist in looking up a suitable vessel to take charge of the outfit for the trip and was to employ assistance if necessary. The agent of the expedition was an elderly man, a sort of iron monger. He was known as Captain Rinker. I think he became purchaser of the vessel or responsible for any balance due on her purchase. When Colonel Austin left in company with Mr. Hawkins via the land route, this Captain Rinker was cashier for the outfit and the necessary provisions by virtue of which fact he claimed the right of naming her captain—a most

unfortunate circumstance for the expedition and particularly for the poor devils of immigrants.

In the next four or five days they found the Lively, which was purchased and brought up Bayou St. Johns for overhauling. Captain Butler employed his old friend, Hugh McDonald, a fine Scotch sailor, and Jimmy, the little English sailor boy. Old Captain Rinker put on board an "old salt," a negro, as cook. And a good one he was, besides every inch a sailor. I had my hands full as laggard and errand boy, to purchase and send the bills for payment to Captain Rinker. Colonel Austin had promised at the time of his engaging with Lieutenant Butler to give him charge of the vessel, provided Captain Cannon, who was then on his way in charge of a brig from Providence, R. I., did not arrive in time. At any rate, Lieutenant Butler was to be second in charge of the Lively. We worked diligently in the outfit, for many spars and sails were necessary, and much of the ratting had to be supplied.

About this time my friend Mr. Nichols came to the vessel with a box some 3½ feet long, half as wide, and 10 or 12 inches deep. Getting out of the omnibus, he held it up to me and said, "Here it is, all in fine order with some powder and balls, but look out that she doesn't tell on you about your being a marksman." It was a very fine looking rifle. When he took it, it was bright barreled, but it had now a dark blue barrel, and all the bright work about it was darkened. He said nothing tended quicker than a shining thing to attract attention and frighten game. Then followed a trial in shooting. I prepared a blackboard and placed on it a white piece of paper just the size of a dollar, fixed a rest at forty yards distance and seating myself on the ground I fired and placed the ball an inch below the paper. Mr. Nichols told me I had drawn too fine a sight. The second shot was just even with the center, in the edge of the paper to the right. The third was in the top of the paper, and the fourth and fifth were like shots, none as near as the third. Mr. Nichols said they would pass. The gun would lie very snugly in the box after unbreeching it, the moulds and two pairs of wipers, a small flat fine file, two handsaw files, and two callipers and a hammer, all being made fast around in the inside of the box, but easily taken out or replaced. The trappings in the way of hunting shirt, leggins, moccasins, coarse shirts and drawers were all that I could wish at that time. It was no difficult matter to procure dressed buffalo and deer skins, as our trade up the Missouri was better than

it ever has been since; and besides many of the original squads of the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Chickasaws were still lingering around New Orleans.

In the bundle on top of the gun were my belt and trappings for hunting. A description of them may be interesting to some of those who may in after years feel like settling another Texas, if such can ever be found in North America, which I very much doubt. The belt was of worsted girthing, of a brown chocolate color, with a large buckle with a leather tongue to fit. On the left side was attached, but removable, a sheath for a large knife some 13 or 14 inches long and 2 inches wide with a firm hickory handle. It would weigh 3¾ lbs. and was of the best cast-steel, finely tempered. This, Mr. Nichols said, was in every way preferable to a hatchet or tomahawk. On the right side of the belt was attached a bag containing two compartments and protected by a flap or covering of a material impervious to water. A second strap of the same material as the belt came down from the right shoulder, the two ends buckled to the belt near together on the left side. On this was my small skinning knife, the blade "Turk" shaped, 5½ inches long, and of the best metal, and a sack of twelve or fifteen bullets and flints.

The schooner being securely moored, all hands went to work, and in eight or nine days she took her place in the basin, ready for her ballast and live freight. They had placed on her 1000 lbs. of iron and farming utensils. Little had an adventure of 1000 lbs. pot metal.

Up to this time no news had come of our intended captain, but the next day or two we learned of his arrival. He came down one evening in company with Colonel Austin, Mr. Hawkins, the Messrs. Lovelace, and one or two others to take a look at the new rigged schooner. I heard Captain Cannon, our newly arrived commander, remark to Colonel Austin that it would be a couple of days before he could take charge, as he had to get rid of the sloop of which he had been in command; but turning to Captain Butler he said, I "guess" I will be down in early morning, and bade us good evening. Now I had got a sailor blouse and pants to work through the slush and paint, and it gave me the full appearance of one of the hands. At breakfast I had taken as usual the head of the table to pour out the coffee, etc., when Captain Cannon made his appearance. I ordered the cook to prepare a plate. Captain Butler invited Captain Cannon to sit down, pointing to the vacant seat. I saw

that he looked a little straight at me, as much as to say, that my seat should be offered to him. I finished my breakfast and had taken my seat on some scantling out ashore. The old Captain was in conversation with Captain Butler, and the hands had all gone to work close by. The old fellow came out to look around and turned to me and said, "Bring the yawl. I want to cross the basin." I without moving called on Jimmy to bring the yawl. The captain very sternly said, "I ordered you, sir, to do it." I nodded that I understood it so, and replied, "And I order Jimmy to do it." By this time the boat was along side. When he got in and started, he asked Jimmy who that fellow was, but I lost Jimmy's reply. Captain Cannon had a gray twinkling eye, was in the neighborhood of fifty years old, about 5 feet, 6 or 7 inches high, quite fleshy, weighing about 160, of a florid complexion, fond of his toddy, and quite on the lethargic order.

We were getting things ready for a start. Many of the immigrants had been to look at the "Little Lively." Colonel Austin and Mr. Hawkins had been gone several days.[1] We still had not taken on our provisions, a list of which I brought down from the office of Captain Rinker. There were six sacks of salt, four barrels of mess pork, six barrels flour, three barrels Irish potatoes, a small cask of side bacon, several boxes and barrels of pilot and sea bread, a tierce of rice and lard, but little of which was put ashore when we landed at the mouth of the Brazos. We started on the morning, I think, of the 23rd of November.

The list of the passengers was as follows: The two Lovelaces, Stephen Holston, Young Phelps, Mr. Harrison, Captain Jennings, Captain Cannon, Mr. Butler, and myself, making nine in all, to occupy the cabin, when there were but seven berths. The list of the other immigrants, as far as I can recollect, was as follows: Nelson, an engineer from New York, who came out on the "Feliciana"; a Mr. James Beard, fifty years old; Beddinger, a small man forty years old; Mr. Wilson; Mr. Williams; Mr. Mattigan; Mr. Thompson, a carpenter; Mr. Willis; William, the servant of Mr. Harrison; a man named O'Neal; and two or three others whose names I have forgotten or never knew. Now when they

[1]Colonel Guy M. Bryan says that Colonel Austin and Mr. Hawkins left the boat, but Hawkins did not accompany Austin to Natchitoches or to Texas.

all had left the cabin, I began to look out for myself, for I had no idea of being cooped up in the hold of the vessel. So I put my grievance to Butler. He pointed to a place under the companionway, which was filled with buckets, paint, oil, and débris of all kinds. I measured it and found it would receive a small double mattress and asked him to have it cleaned out. Then I went and purchased a mattress, a pair of large four point Mackinaw blankets, and two moss pillows, and prepared a superb bunk for two. The old Captain came in the evening and called to Butler. Both came down the companionway into the cabin. The Captain had observed the new sleeping place, and had been counting noses and had found that two whom he expected to go in the cabin had no bunks. I was lying down on our new bed, when he said, "There are not bunks for all to go into the cabin unless that new one is given up." I replied in a pretty sharp tone, "Not without a scuffle." "Why, who in the d—l are you?" "I am owner and proprietor of this bunk, and if I know myself it will be given to no one without my consent. As to who I am, Captain Cannon, Mr. Rinker or Mr. Little will satisfy you." In the course of the next day, the day we sailed, I sought an opportunity to say to Mr. Harrison and Captain Jennings that Lieutenant Butler and I could and would spare them our bunk twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

Here ended my intercourse with the descendant and representative of "Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower," captain of the "Lively." His being in command was an unfortunate thing for us and the colony. How often, how very often, my mind has reverted to the incident of placing this Yankee miscreant in charge of the expedition. No one can calculate the beneficial results that the success of the expedition would have had in the incipiency of the almost strangled colony. The thousand and one false and injurious reports had their foundation in this mistake. It was said we were all lost in attempting to pass the bar at the mouth of the Brazos. Another story was that we had been murdered by the Indians. Now, only for reflection's sake, suppose we had taken the vessel inside and gone some twenty or thirty miles up to one of those large cane brakes, with all necessary implements and provisions and with no fences to build, had cut down four or five hundred acres of the undergrowth and cane in January, had burned it off in March and planted it in corn and vegetables. Had we done this, enough bread

stuff could have been raised to sustain a thousand immigrants. Then instead of the tedious and difficult land route, immigration to Austin's colony would have followed this route by water, and would have given an impetus to the colony that is incalculable. But enough of this. Texas passed through it all and is today a democratic empire, even against the will of Grantism. Would to God that we of Louisiana were as well out of its clutches.

About the 22nd or 23rd of November we made a start with some twenty besides the crew on the little schooner. I should have mentioned that a second floor had been constructed for immigrants just above the freight as ballast. We had gotten through the Rigolets and into the blue gulf. It had been threatening weather for two or three days. This overtook us about 12 o'clock our first night out, and for thirty-six hours there blew a terrible gale. We were driven, it was said, among the Bahamas, or some of the islands in that region, and when it ceased we were becalmed for a similar length of time. The wind was nearly all the time contrary, and then came another storm of wind and rain, and we did not reach the coast for over four weeks so as to make a landing or learn where we were, when finally we located ourselves in the neighborhood of the bay of Sabine. Having then a fine east wind, we sailed west and passed the opening of the bay of Galveston. We beat back and saw the mouth of the Brazos, but at the time did not suspect it to be a river. We returned to the entrance of Galveston bay. The wind was very cold and from the northwest.

We were now very short of anything fresh, and it was determined to try our new seine. We proceeded a mile or two above the entrance to a cove in the beach. Our seine being not a large one, say, seventy-five or one hundred yards long, with the aid of our yawl it was put out, and to the surprise of all we could not bring it in for the abundance of fish of all sorts. A great many were dressed and we hung them on the rigging to try to dry them.

We then, it being nearly or quite dark, put into the bay. We rounded to, and to our surprise here we found a felucca, or schooner of about our own size. We dropt anchor about eighty or one hundred feet west of her, when we observed a commotion on her. She, like the Lively, had too many on her to be a trader. By this time the little Lively's decks were pretty full. A demand from us was made of the other for her name and nationality, and we asked for a man to be sent on board our vessel. Her captain said his boat

was not seaworthy, but he would be glad if our captain would go on board their vessel. Lieutenant Butler went along side and found that, as the captain said, she was privateering against the Mexicans. Butler reported us to be a United States cutter on the lookout for pirates. So things remained until morning, but when day peeped in from the east nothing could be seen of our pirate.

Further down the island, however, we found a large brig or sloop which had been scuttled, her stern in six or seven feet of water, the bow quite out at low tide. We dropped down close to her as it was bluff beach and plenty of water for us. On going ashore we found a comfortable large tent made from the sails of the brig, with several persons therein, and two or three yawls in the water. No doubt they were some to be taken on the felucca which we had scared away. Here we found the partner of the captain, whose name was Roach. This man on shore was named Seymour. With them was a woman, who was said to be, and no doubt was, the wife of Colonel or General Long, and who had made her way to the father-in-law of this buccaneer. Captain or Lieutenant Seymour said she had been induced to come to the island in order to get to New Orleans. She was of a highly respectable family of Natchez. I heard of her arrival the following summer or fall.

As soon as these facts were made known to the authorities in New Orleans, one of the United States cutters was on the alert for the pirate and overtook her in the course of the spring or summer of '22. I was in New Orleans when the captain was put on trial as a pirate, but he was released for want of evidence. He claimed to be privateering against the Mexican government.

The brig had as part of her goods and freight, which was lying in a promiscuous and confused pile, a large quantity of crab or boiled cider, some twenty or thirty large hewn Campeachy mahogany timbers, twenty inches or two feet square and ten or twelve feet long, a large quantity of Castile soap in square four inch pieces ten, twelve, and fifteen inches long, and perhaps some other articles not now recollected.

Our next move was two or three days later. The old Governor concluded to go across the bay to see what lay immediately to the west and north of it. I jumped at the prospect of being one of the party, but was met by Little and the Governor, when they saw me busied in fixing my gun and hunting accoutrements, with the remark that I couldn't go for want of room. I replied that I expected

to handle one of the oars. They asked if I knew anything about pulling. I replied that I could row as well as, or better than, any one of the immigrants. Then Supercargo Little said they would see. It was the first exposure of my rifle and outfit, which naturally created some little surprise and comment.

The following morning was clear and pleasant with a southeast wind. I went to the boat and steadied the mast of the yawl and hung the sail. This was done with but few knowing it, though I had Jimmy to help me, since the mast and sail had to be brought from the vessel. I went up and got my breakfast, when something was said about getting the sail out, as we had a fair wind to go down with. Then Jimmy remarked that the mast and sail was rigged. I was the first down and took my seat in the bow, with oar in hand, when we found that we were eight in all. We had a beautiful sail to the western shore of the bay, and we supposed it to be forty or fifty miles. We reached there near sunset. We learned where there was a scrubby growth of brush wood, but had some difficulty in finding fire wood.

In the morning we set out nearly a west course, over a dense prairie, covered with nothing but grass, which was generally as tall as a man. We kept our course for two or three hours, looking out for timber in some direction or other. The thirst of the party became intense. Mr. Jack Lovelace proposed to break into three parties, the two outside to diverge to the right and left, i. e., to the north and to the south. I preferred the north direction. When the old Governor said that some of us would be lost in this prairie, I then for the first time showed what old Mr. Nichols had the foresight to furnish me among other things,—a small pocket compass about 2½ inches in diameter, in a small brass box. So I struck off and found Holston and Jack following. I perceived that the prairie had once been part of the Gulf and had been built up by the deposit of the Gulf current, and that the prospects for timber and water must be to the north. It was now getting past midday. I took my course east of north. We had gone perhaps two hours, say five or six miles, when we saw the appearance of timber. Mr. Holston started back with a flag on his ramrod, which he thrust into his gun a foot or so. After going a mile or two he fired his gun, and the middle party saw the flag, and one of them went for the men who were going south. They had diverged but little and were soon called in. When we all got together and to the timber, it was quite

late. We went in search of water, and some was found in a hole in a buffalo path. We went down the patch of low scrubby brush wood, and as we advanced the timber increased in size and widened. We then turned to the edge for a camping place where we could have wood and water.

When we found it was getting dark, I had quit the squad and had gone toward the heart of the timber, for it was not more than two or three hundred yards wide. I stopped to see if I could hear the noise of the company, but instead I heard the flutter of turkeys going to roost. This was lucky, for we had killed nothing after leaving the boat, and our provisions were getting very short. I then went to find the camp. It was further down than I expected. I found most of the men sound asleep. The old Governor and his brother were talking. He enquired of me what I had found or seen, and if I had been lost. I told him I found plenty of good water, but better than that I heard a gang of turkeys flying to roost. Mr. Holston, who was not asleep, raised up and inquired how far off. I told him it was a half mile or so. He asked me if I could find the place in the morning. I thought I could and told him I was going to try. He replied that he would go with me. We were up a little before day. I proceeded to a place that I had marked out where I struck the prairie, and from there I went direct to where I had heard the turkeys. I had just stopped, when we heard a big gobble. This was enough, and we soon got among them. I was unlucky, commenced too soon, and missed my first two shots. Holston shot twice and killed two gobblers. Then we returned to camp.

I had observed a good deal of fresh deer sign in the woods and I went again to the bayou and down it some distance without finding anything; but in attempting to return, I became a little bewildered and had rather lost my reckoning until they fired a gun. They were ready to start. I answered by firing mine. They had all started back. This I knew they intended, as I overheard the Governor say so that night.

At this juncture I achieved my first considerable exploit in killing, by sheer accident except for a correct aim, a large bear. The party had advanced a quarter or a half mile before I left with part of what remained for my morning's repast. The growth of timber around me was in the shape of a crescent, the two points extending in the direction of our boat. Now for sixty or a hundred feet next the edge of the forest it was free from some cause or other of high

grass and afforded easier walking than in the tall thick prairie grass, but I concluded to take the latter as some blind buffalo and deer paths pointed to the upper point of the crescent where I intended to join the rest of the party. I think I had not gone more than two hundred yards on my route, when I heard the report of a gun from them. I of course looked to see the cause, and saw that they were looking at right angles from my direction. I kept my eyes busy to see the object they appeared to be following with their eyes. Most of them soon started on. They said they did not see where I was. I was, however, very soon relieved as to what had occurred, when turning my eyes in the direction of my intended route, I discovered from the motion of the high grass that, whatever the object at which they were looking might be, it was making its way toward me. I took it to be a deer or panther or wolf. I soon learned what it was, for I saw at a distance of some eighty or a hundred yards that it was a bear. He had stopped, and rising on his hind feet looked to see if he was followed. He immediately started on his course and came as near as within thirty yards of me. Here he repeated his operation of looking out in the direction of the others as before. I had prepared myself for him. I had reprimed my gun and sprung the trigger, and as he stopped I cocked and leveled it at his shoulder blade. At the crack of the gun, he made one spring and came by within twenty feet of where I was standing. I saw as he passed me that I had done my work, for the blood was running from his other side, showing that my ball had passed entirely through him. I then reloaded and went to where he had stood and found evidence that I had killed him. The party was stopped and waiting some demonstration from me. I hoisted my Scotch cap on my ramrod and signalled to them. Mr. Holston and Lovelace started for me. When they arrived they enquired what it was. I said I had killed a large bear. They asked where it was, and I replied not very far off. They asked if I had been to it, and I shook my head. We had advanced twenty or thirty feet on the trail of the bear when blood appeared on each side. When we had gone a hundred yards, we came up to the dead bear. By this time the whole party, coming one by one, had arrived. I assisted in turning the bear on his back, and here I christened my little skinning knife by opening his belly from brisket to tail. At this point, the Governor said to me, "Young man, you show signs of having learned something of a huntsman." I replied that I was a Kentuckian,

born and bred among wild horses and cattle and an abundance of wild animals and game. Then I left to hunt for a hole of water in the bayou to wash my "hunter's choice" for my supper. Here my work ended.

The others went on skinning and cutting up such parts as could be well packed, and when they had got through I was called for. I had stretched myself for a nap, being tired and suffering from loss of sleep the night before. I started after all had gone forward and again took up my tramp through the prairie. The idea I had first formed as to the land having once been a part of the gulf was correct. Here, at a distance of perhaps seven or eight miles from the beach, evidences were numerous as to this formation. I reached my point of intersection with the route followed by the others some little time before the others arrived. I had taken a seat on a high bunch of grass and weeds, and while awaiting the arrival of the others I killed my first mule-eared rabbit. This one was at least as large again as our Western tribe, and was a perfect curiosity to me. It differed from ours of Kentucky only in its size and its immense ears. I skinned it down to the foreparts and severed it beyond the kidneys.

By this time some of our party had come in here. After resting a short time, it now being ten or eleven o'clock, the question was discussed as to direction of the boat. The Governor and Little decided on a course nearly east. I told Mr. Jack that they should go more to the south. I struck out nearly southeast, taking an observation for that course of a half mile or so. They were fifteen or twenty degrees south of me, and were soon out of my sight. I took an object in my old course and then another. This brought me as I thought in the vicinity of the bay. I had, however, to go one or two stages further, when I saw the water of the bay glistening before me. Being a little doubtful as to my course, I had yielded a little to theirs. I at first was a little bothered as to the locality of the boat, but when I looked for the island I at once discerned that I was too much to the south. I thought I was nearer the island than when we landed. I found the boat three-quarters of a mile north of me.

The others didn't get in until late in the evening. I had gathered some weeds, sticks, and chunks, which had been driven ashore. When they arrived, a consultation was held as to whether we should sail at once, or wait until morning. It was then about three o'clock p. m. I was (unexpectedly to me) appealed to as to what was the best to do. I said that we could not worst ourselves by going then.

We had two reasons why it was best; a good fair west breeze, and the moon far in her second quarter; and I said that if a storm should threaten us we could find a cove in the island to land. I added that our water was getting scarce, or at least my flask was nearly empty. I feared we were about to have a change of weather, and we should be as well off in the boat as on land.

All hands turned to and in a few minutes we were going at a rate of five to seven knots. We were troubled a little about oyster banks and had to keep off. In consequence, we did not reach our landing until near 2 o'clock, just after the moon went down.

Preparations were made early in the morning to go to the mouth of the river. Here commenced our troubles, distress, and privations. The wind had shifted to the west. We had a rain after our arrival, but it had again cleared away. We got under way at about ten or eleven o'clock and ran down to what was then called the "West End." Here Mr. Butler found three and a half to four feet of water, with what he thought a long bar, but plenty of water inside. As the moon shone quite bright we reached the mouth early in the morning, and then commenced a scene that can't be described. Every one was trying to get ashore first. My friend Butler got a chance and told me to leave nothing on the vessel that I could take care of on shore. We had before spoken together about the old Captain's desire to go further west and try to pick up a return load.

What became of the vessel we never knew. We had a report that when she got back to New Orleans one of the Messrs. Hawkins had started to return with her, and that she foundered on the coast in a storm and she and all on board were lost. I think from what I gleaned from McDonald when I reached New Orleans in October, '22, that Captain Cannon had gone to Matamoras and sold the vessel and the freight. Captain Butler quit her there. I could learn nothing more, nor could I learn where old Captain Rinker was. The report was that he went north and died.

I was the last to go ashore; and, as I gathered my gun box, my trunk, my blankets, and my overcoat, it struck the old captain that I was taking out of the vessel an unnecessary quantity of my property that was all to come on board again to go further west. I replied that I for one would never consent to go on board again; that if ever I got my big foot on big land my seafaring was at an end. We were landed on the west bank of the river, I suppose for convenience in procuring wood, as the sea beach was literally covered

with drift wood. For several hours I was taken up with curiosity in looking over the drift. The greater part of it must have come from the Mississippi and perhaps thousands of miles up that river, the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Missouri. We could find almost any household article, and everything that would float. There were plow stocks and handles, wheels destitute of any iron, parts of spinning wheels, parts of home made chairs, rails of poplar and other light wood, old canoes and the larger pirogues, flat boat gunnels and vessel spars, some perfect, etc., etc.

Well, the two Messrs. Lovelace, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Holston, Mr. Jennings and Little prepared to ascend the river, taking two of the immigrants to help manage the boat, and leaving the balance of some thirteen or fourteen on the beach. They went to try to learn something of those who went on the land expedition with Colonel Austin. I think they left that evening.

When this party went away, the virtuous individual, I. Beard, was left in charge as a kind of commander and sutler. Now with the exception of Beddinger, or Bellinger, and a man named Willis, not one of those remaining could load or shoot a rifle, and Willis had none. Just before starting Mr. Little gave every man a United States musket or yager, with powder and shot. "Such a getting upstairs" in rubbing and fixing muskets never was seen. It was now about the 10th or 12th of January, rather too late for brant, geese, and ducks, but the marsh was literally covered next morning with the feathered tribe. I anticipated the sequel. In two days not a brant or duck or goose was to be seen, except on the wing a quarter of a mile above us. I think that altogether not more than one or two ducks were killed. They were made so very wild in one day that it was impossible to get in killing distance of them.

There had been coffee and sugar enough to last, together with some rice and a little flour that we had, ten or more days; but through a want of care and proper management it soon became short. The fact was that the men who had been so long on board, most of them sea sick, ate like hogs when they were out of their prison and ashore. About the fourth day in the morning, I had gone down the beach very early to see the chance for game of any kind, but found nothing more than a salt marsh as far as I could see. I was hungry and faint. When I returned I asked Beard if he had saved nothing for my breakfast. He said there was a piece of middling, but no bread, a little coffee, and no sugar. He said in a

very rough way that I ought to have been there when the others ate. I replied that I had gone in search of game and had had to go at least three or four miles, but everything had been driven off by those new hunters. I recollected having a few sea biscuits in my trunk, and I opened it and got three.

I intended to make another effort to find game by wading a lagoon or lake on our side of the river, but Mattigan, my Irish friend, said I could not get over without a boat, for it was not only deep water but very boggy. I remarked to him in the hearing of the others that things looked squally, that I thought old Cannon did not intend coming back, or he would have passed by once or twice, which he promised to do, that as to the old Governor and the party I supposed they were captured by Indians, and that we were in a fair way to starvation. In the evening I got this sturdy Irishman off, and suggested to him the chances of crossing the river on a raft to the other side. I told him that the land was higher and the timber not so far off, and that the chances for game were better than on the side we were on. He very readily consented to help me and went for an axe. We found a much lighter job than we thought, for it was quite easy to find light seasoned logs. We made a very substantial raft sufficient to buoy up three men or more. I warned him not to speak of my project, or we should have it as it was at first, and everything would be scared away by the muskets. He said there was no danger of that, for they were already afraid of the Indians.

Early next morning I awoke and awakened Mattigan. We went at once and found the current quite slack, the tide being near its fall. We, or rather he, had picked up scraps of plank to make two paddles, and we crossed with no trouble. I stood on the bank to see him row back, for he said he knew very little about water craft. I instructed him to pull first on one side and then on the other, and steer his raft straight across.

I started for the timber, for the river ran through a salt marsh, and if I recollected aright there was not so much as a scrub or a sapling on either side for perhaps a mile or more. I proceeded about half a mile, when off to my right, three or four hundred yards away, I discovered a single deer feeding. I felt my chance to be a bad one, as I had nothing to hide myself. She was too busy to notice me, and I stooped down and advanced when she put her head down to feed. I had to go forward in this manner half way to her

before the tall grass could be reached. When I got there, I acted in the same way, until I supposed I had got within about seventy or eighty yards of her. I raised up, when I thought she saw me, though I could not see her head, and took good aim and fired at her shoulder. When the smoke cleared away I could see nothing of her, and began to fear I had missed her; yet I knew my bead was good. I kept my eyes on or near where she had been standing and went, as I thought, eighty or a hundred yards, without seeing anything of my deer. I, however, kept on in the same direction and finally came upon her lying dead. It was 140 yards, and she was shot in the head. Here was something like a providential thing. I shouldered the deer, after taking out its entrails, and carried it to the bank. I was some four hundred yards from camp. I had to shoot off my gun as a signal, and Mattigan and one other came up and brought over the raft. I hardly think the venison lasted a half hour. I got a taste of it and immediately went back, and then all were in motion to get across to the woods.

I told Mattigan to put together everything that would be damaged by getting wet and to cover it with the little tent cloth and fasten it down with weights. When I had crossed over I took the margin of the bank, and when I reached the commencement of the timber I saw a large prairie hawk alight on the top of one of the largest of the scrubby trees, some eighteen or twenty feet high. It was unapprehensive of danger, so I got a good range and shot it. It was very fat. I hung it up to make a good pot of soup, Beard having still left some rice. I went some two miles higher up, but found no game, so I returned to "Camp Hawk," for this was the name it was known by afterwards.[2] I had eaten nothing since morning, and lay down hungry and tired.

We had plenty of pretty good water, as the river was low, and where I found any in the swamp it was good, for it was rain water and the month was January. Mr. Little had very little foresight, or he would have had the seine and hooks and lines brought ashore. They were intended for the expedition, and would have relieved us of our great fear of starvation; for we could have caught any quantity of the best of fish, and the seine and fishing tackle would have proven of great assistance to the whole family of immigrants,

[2]Colonel Bryan says: "This place retained the name of Hawk Camp for many years, and lost it only after the old settlers died away."

though the site selected for a permanent stop was some distance from the beach.

The following morning I was up very early and awoke my man Mattigan. We were as yet not out of salt, so we took some in a piece of cloth, and cautiously left all the others sound asleep. I reached the point where I had turned back the previous night. It was now quite light, and I followed up the bank of the river a mile or so, when I saw a gang of turkeys, and soon one of them flew across. I knew the others would follow, so I beckoned to Mattigan to lie or sit down and not to move until I called him. I made a little circuit to get above them in case they should go out or up the river. When I had gone, as I thought, far enough I saw directly before me a pretty large bayou, and I was not more than a hundred yards from its confluence with the river. I advanced some fifty or more yards and kept still. The turkeys were very busy picking the hackberries, and I soon got a good shot and killed one. The report started them towards where Mattigan was, but some of them had not yet come over. I advanced a little further down and soon succeeded in killing another. I started Mattigan with all speed back with them, and told him not to stay, but to come back, and to bring his own musket and buckshot. I thought I should get another turkey but failed, though they took to the swamp. I succeeded in getting another shot, but missed.

I struck the bayou again and in creeping along scared up two deer, but as the undergrowth was very dense they got away. While on the brink of the bayou loading my gun I heard a splash in the water some forty yards up and saw the commotion of the water from the effect of the disturbance. I waited, and soon some animal made its appearance on the opposite side and went up the bank, which was some five or six feet high. It went into the grass out of sight, but soon returned and would in three seconds more have been in the water again if I had not made a little noise. I had a bead on it, when it raised itself up a little. At the crack of my gun it turned over backwards, and lay lifeless, the ball taking effect on the neck in front. The next question was how to get it. It occurred to me that I wanted to get across the bayou to be relieved of a very turbulent, boisterous, and above all, the larger portion of them, a blackguard set. Generally sleeping all day, they were prepared to keep themselves and others awake at night with all kinds of most obscene brothel songs and stories and long yarns to match. The

two men, Beard and Nelson, the New York engineer, were generally in the lead. At first I gently remonstrated and I think it tended to stimulate them, for by this time I had become a favorite with most of the party. They understood that but for me they would have been in a starving condition. Beddinger, the other hunter having a rifle, had that morning killed a deer which, together with my two turkeys, helped them through. Well, I started up to learn more of the bayou and try to get over. I ran my ramrod down once or twice to ascertain what kind of a bottom it was, and then I tried it again with a long stick. It was loblolly. This I anticipated, but I soon observed that logs and all manner of brush and débris were quite abundant and that they accumulated as I went up. I soon came to a log, which I crossed, marking the place so that Mattigan could cross there also. I proceeded to find my dead otter, for this was what it was, a young one more than half grown, and very fat.

Now I began to make my way down toward the mouth of the bayou, looking out for a convenient place to camp. This I selected nearly on the bank of the river. I went about preparing to make a fire when Mattigan made his appearance on the other side of the bayou, with our "sleeping irons," i. e., our blankets. I directed him to where I had crossed, saying that he would find a blaze cut on a sapling to mark the place. He put out, and as it was a full mile he was some time coming around. He said he had come near getting a shot at three deer, which detained him. I could not but smile at the idea of him, a raw Irishman, shooting a deer, as in all probability he never had fired off a gun. I had taken the skin off our game, and we put it on the coals to broil. It was very acceptable, as we were exceedingly hungry.

It was now near 12 o'clock. I said I was going back across the bayou to try to kill another deer for the others, late in the evening or early in the morning. We started off, taking a little round to learn what was to be seen. To my surprise I encountered a cane brake, but not of large growth, and I saw a good deal of deer and turkey sign. Here I found the first pecan trees I had seen, the ground in many places being covered with pecans and the hulls. Bear sign was to be seen, and of very recent date. I found the pecan and hackberry trees very numerous here. Near the banks of the bayou and river I think the land was a little higher than below

the bayou and back in the swamp; for this land, like that along the Mississippi, Red, and Arkansas, and perhaps all other alluvial soils, is seen to be higher immediately on the margin of the water course than it is further back. This I suppose to be due to the fact that in a flood or high stage of water sufficient to overflow the banks, the heaviest particles of the impregnated water, as soon as it is left to become still, settle first after leaving the swift bubbling circling current, and of course this makes the deposit greater than it is further out.

Mattigan and I turned to cross the river, and on the opposite bank we saw a very large raccoon on his hind legs surveying us, apparently not the least alarmed. Mattigan wanted me to shoot or let him have a shot, but I refused. When he asked why not and said it might be good eating, I told him I was after larger game than a raccoon. He exclaimed, "Be sure, is he the raccoon of Amirica?" I said to him that he must stop talking, for the human voice would make the most ferocious and wildest animals of the woods cower and run.

We crossed over and I made my calculations to go in as near a parallel line with the river as I could, and told Mattigan to go to, or within a half mile or so of, the river, down toward the other camp. I told him not to go too fast and he might make all the noise he wished; he might sing any of his Irish songs, as I knew he was quite gifted in that way. I remained still until I supposed he had gone the proper distance, when I cautiously went on my way. We had, or I had, gone a mile when three deer passed within a hundred yards of me, going in the direction of the bayou. I saw they knew nothing of our presence, so I thought I could find them on my return. They were not much alarmed, for they were going in gentle trot.

I pursued my course, and came to a blown up half grown tree giving quite an inviting seat, which I took near the roots. I had been there half an hour when my attention was attracted by the noise of breaking sticks, which came from a thicket of undergrowth perhaps an acre or so in size. I knew that it was an animal of some kind, and that it was going to cross before me, for it appeared to be going at right angles to my course. Soon it came out and stopped. It had the wind of me, and I knew it would break off in a run. It was but sixty yards away and I determined to risk a shot. I shot

at it quartering to me. I shot a little too far back. It sprang up and turned back, running at its best speed. I went to where it stood and found hair and at the third or fourth jump plenty of blood. It had gone directly back, and I was fearful it would try to cross the river. Following it I found where it had lain down. This encouraged me, as I now knew it was badly wounded. The quantity of blood showed me that the ball had gone through the liver and perhaps part of the lungs. I here hallooed to find if Mattigan was within hearing, and to my surprise—for he had seen me some way off a little before I hallooed—he came out of breath running, his eyes as big as small eggs. I questioned him, and he told me he had seen a large bear coming towards him. I asked him why he did not shoot it. "Oh be me faith," replied he, "I just got out of his road. I did not want him to squaze the life out of me in the wild foxes' woods." I told Mattigan that I thought we should try to "squaze" the "mate" off of some of his fat ribs, pointing at the same time at the puddle of blood where he had lain down. He enquired if that was from the bear, and asked where it was. I said we should wait a little and then we should find him if he had not crossed the river; that if he had again lain down and would remain half an hour he would be ours. So I said that we would not disturb him for awhile. Then I asked him if he heard my gun. He said he did, but that he did not think I was shooting at the bear, it was too far for the animal to run after it had left him. I asked him if the bear saw him. He replied, "I reckon he did, for I heard him blow his nose once or twice. He turned and went one way, and you see I went the other." We started on the trail and did not go two hundred yards when we found a dead two year old bear. We soon took out his entrails and quartered him and hung what we could not pack up on forks of saplings. We then trudged back to our crossing.

It was now getting late, and after another meal from our otter I told Mattigan to go to the other camp and let them come to where the balance of the bear was and have them to bring it to the river at the mouth of the bayou. I told him then to quit them and come to our camp alone. I thought I saw depicted in his face a degree of reluctance, and immediately conjectured the cause, and said, "You are no coward, I know." "Well," said he, "suppose I mate up with one of those varmints again?" I said they would run from

him faster than he could from them, as in the instance of the bear. "Let me here repeat," I said to him, "what I said at the landing in the presence of those two old hunters, for I said it for them to hear. I have been reared from infancy in the wilds of Kentucky, in a portion of it that ten years ago was as wild as where we now are, with nearly all of the same animals that are here. I learned that there is almost no animal that will voluntarily attack a man. There are, of course, some exceptions. A tiger or panther will defend its young, and so will perhaps some lesser beasts. We have of our domestic animals the cow, the dog, the sow, and the horse, that will protect their young. The panther, the Mexican tiger, the catamount, and the wild cat may be driven by hunger and the immediate smell of fresh blood to attack a person; and the California, or mountain, grizzly is said to be afraid of nothing and is always avoided by the gold hunter. Our black bear is cowardly beyond any thing. It has been known to run at simply the breaking of a stick or the falling of a limb, even at fifty or a hundred yards distance. Now go, and I will see what is around this cane brake. You need not be afraid of seeing anything, for our shooting and passing has relieved the danger." So we both went from the camp together, he to our crossing and I to see what I could up the river.

I now began to be quite anxious about the party that had gone up the river, for this was the eighth or ninth day out. I at first apprehended some danger about Indians, but I recollected that the land immigrants must have been for two or more months somewhere up the river, and it was very likely that the redskins had gone towards San Antonio, or to the west, so soon as the whites arrived on the river.

After leaving Mattigan, I had travelled nearly a mile or so and was immediately in the edge of the cane, when two deer, both bucks, came running toward me. I suspected them of fighting, for they were forty or more yards apart. The foremost one came within thirty steps of me. I had taken a tree, and he had halted, when I shot him in the breast and knocked him down. The other did not appear to notice the report of my gun and came to where the first was lying. On my loading he spied me, but stood his ground, and seemed to have no idea of going off. I shot him, but shot a little too low, and he ran as though not touched. After going perhaps a hundred yards he fell, but out of sight. After

taking his entrails out, I went to see if I had missed the other. I found hair cut, but a little too white; but soon I saw blood, and was satisfied that I had killed him. I did not go any farther, but went back to be in time to intercept Mattigan in order that he might bring Willis with him, for I did not feel like carrying the meat for them. I found, however, that Mattigan had met the crowd coming up and had crossed over and was at the camp. I told him to go and call Mr. Willis and tell him that I wanted him and to instruct him how to get over. He went, and on his return he reported that he got a chance and beckoned him to the bank and delivered his message. He came, and we all went up to my deer. I went on and found the other, but a wolf had been there before me and had eaten into the flanks, but not to do much harm. I told them to skin down the legs, and tie a hind left to the right fore leg, all around. Then each took a deer.

It was to our interest to try to save the meat when we reached camp by cooking it. I should have said by barbecuing it, for all cooking utensils had been left at the mouth of the river except a small kettle and frying pan, neither of which we had on our side. We collected wood for the night and got sprits to put the pieces on before the fire to roast. We took turns in sitting up and attending to the fire and the meat.

In the morning, I concluded to go over and see what the others were doing. They made no preparation to save any of the meat, except as they ate it. Beddinger had killed another deer, and that was lying unskinned. I asked him why he had not skinned it. He said he thought he had done his part, he had killed it.

Well, we spent that day in doing very little, but late in the evening I killed a fine turkey, very fat, and this we hung before the fire, and had it well cooked by morning. I said, we would not touch it until we saw if the old Governor would come. This came near being the cause of some trouble. While I was gone up the river, the man Nelson found the way around to our camp, and the roasted turkey was too much for him. He concluded to take off a leg. He was the dog with the collar on among the others. Mattigan told him it was not to be cut, that I had said it was to be kept for the old Governor. Nelson said he intended to have a piece of it anyhow, and made a start for it. Mattigan had my big knife, and told him if he touched the turkey he would cut his skull open. Just at

this juncture I made my appearance, and when I saw how things stood, I remarked to Nelson that he had better go back to his side of the bayou, for what was here was individually our own. As he went off he remarked that he would get even with me before the end of the trip.

I now concluded to go some miles up the river. I thought perhaps I might meet the boat, and if I should kill anything, the boat could bring it down. I saw nothing, however, except a large bear about the middle of the river, going to the opposite shore. I found a convenient seat and sat down to rest, but soon after I heard the report of a gun. I took it as a matter of course to be at or near the camp, but on second thought I knew that was too far to hear a gun report. I got very fidgety, for in an instant my mind was made up that it was our party coming down, and in the next twenty minutes the boat turned a far off point. I remained quiet, with anticipations of hearing from Colonel Austin and getting all the news from the States. I almost could have whooped out for joy. My feelings were indescribable.